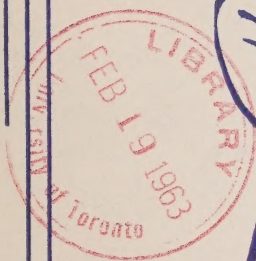


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Diamond



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Diamond

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TO OUR READERS...

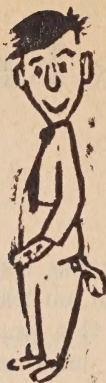
The New Year has come, but not yet gone. It is very doubtful, nuclear affairs being as they are, if we'll see this year through to its end. Pessimistic? Not unless everyone's telling little white lies about the destructive force of their weapons. The day of bows and arrows is gone anyway.

However, come rain—cats, dogs, or nuclear warheads—or shine, the *Diamond* will continue to publish. Why this is no one seems to know. Just one of those silly habits people pick up in places like this, I guess.

Really, we were quite willing to withhold publication until after everything'd been blown to smithereens. I'd certainly hate to have it all happen between issues. The powers however, threatend us with loss of priveleges.

So, if the hemisphere western isn't demolished before the end of the year, I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with us. No offense will be taken against those who pray for the bomb.

ADVERTISEMENT



The Diamond's mailing list is not exclusive. Anyone can have any name added by forwarding one legitimate dollar to The Diamond, Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. For one dollar, to adopt a second-hand political slogan: "What have you got to lose?"

The politicians however, neglected to hint that there might be something to gain. The Diamond does not intend to let such a sparkling opportunity slip through its fingers. Purchasing a subscription to the Diamond permits you to purchase without tax while garnering an inside view of the penitentiary and its people. You get an inside, and sometimes erratic, view of the outside. You get poems and fiction written from behind the walls. You also get the fragile friendship of the Diamond staff—the only thing really exclusive about the Diamond.

A bargain! Just think, you are able to view hopes and fears, activities, inactivities, and inanities of the imprisoned without even getting up out of your favourite chair. No need to hurl a brick through a window anymore. If you're out of touch with things, just send your dollar to the Diamond because we're out of touch, with you.

Who to send the Diamond to? Well, start with yourself. Next, your immediate family. Outside readers might review their Christmas card list. Inside readers might review their mailing list, although a person need not be on the mailing list to receive the Diamond.

Even send the Diamond to someone as a joke. We won't mind a bit, as long as we get the buck!

INMATE ATTITUDES

What does the inmate think of the public? What does he think of his chances of finding success and happiness after his release? What hostility, if any, does he expect to encounter upon his release? How does he feel about revealing his criminal past?

In reply and as a sequel to Michael Kelly's *Public Attitudes*, which appeared as a three-part series in issues 7, 8, and 9 of the last year, the *Diamond* has interviewed a cross section of the present inmate population seeking their own assessments of themselves. In *Public Attitudes*, author Kelly questioned Canadians as to their sentiments of penal institution inmates — how they might be regarded as ex-cons. Replies to the author's questions indicated that the public was not of one mind — some people were sympathetic and some were not. Some were acrimonious.

The *Diamond* believes that reciprocation would not serve any useful purpose, therefore, it has asked the inmate to look at himself, as seen by himself, returning to society. The inmates were permitted to ramble so long as they remained relatively close to the topic under discussion.

*Vocational Student, Grade 9 Education,
24 years of age*

Read *Public Attitudes* and thought it good. He would prefer to answer the same questions that the author seemed to ask the public: how they would react to working with an ex-inmate, living beside an ex-inmate, or attending the same church as an ex-inmate?

He doesn't have any likes or dislikes as far as working with any type of persons so long as they don't bother him. However, he would prefer to work alone. He thinks that neighbours rarely know more than a person wants them to know, and would like neighbours who minded their own business. Although he doesn't attend church, he thinks that it should never matter who attends who's church.

Labourer, Grade 10, 31 years of age

He would not hide his past until such time that he was accepted and established in spite of it. Then he would try to forget it and hope that others would too. Neighbours have no need to know about a man's past. Most of them, accept a new arrival at face value.

Tradesman, Grade 8, 34 years of age

He thinks that it would be very frustrating to be looked down upon and for this reason he would not reveal his past. The public can't really be blamed for having its doubts about an ex-inmate.

As neighbours, the law-abiding citizens would be preferable by far than most inmates he has known. But it doesn't, or shouldn't matter who attends what church. He doesn't think that anyone has the right to say, "you're not good enough or clean enough to attend my church." And he doesn't think that many are likely to say it.

Vocational Graduate, Grade 10, 26 years of age

A person has to either work, steal, or starve. Personally, and especially after his present experience, he'd prefer to work, although he understands that there are some who just can't bring themselves to the same decision. He feels sorry for them.

He maintained that he'd work with anyone so long as he or they held up his or their end. He figured on doing his own work to the best of his ability, but didn't intend to do anyone else's.

Naturally, he said, he would like to find friendly and understanding neighbours, in the event that his past was revealed. However, if not accepted by his neighbours, he would accept the situation as a challenge and proceed to prove to them that he was as good as they.

Labourer, Grade 9, 24 years of age

He doesn't think there could be any doubt as to the kind of neighbours desired. Anyone with any intelligence or integrity, especially after living with them for any length of time, could not even consider a criminal or ex-inmate as a neighbour. The best kind of neighbours are the kind that stay away from you and mind your own business.

Accused of stereotyping criminals or ex-inmates, he replied that they were dull, bothersome, and continually looking for trouble. Asked if he felt the same way about himself, he said no. Reminded that other inmates might think the same of him, he admitted that there were a few exceptions—men who are sincere about making a new life. He stressed that those were the exceptions.

He was reminded that a great number of ex-inmates have made and are making new and successful lives for themselves in spite of his condemnation. He denied any knowledge of this.

Clerk, Grade 10, 25 years of age

The biggest thing an ex-inmate must face is himself. He must first make the decision to "go straight", and then, very slowly and methodically, map out his life, leaving himself alternatives and planning not only to avoid failure, but also to embrace success. His fears must be faced up to immediately. Otherwise he might try to avoid them by rationalizing. And when this begins he just might rationalize himself right back into prison.

Neighbours mean very little; employers mean more. In a big city a person living right next door might never be seen or heard. If a neighbour was of the friendly sort and the ex-inmate was inclined toward friendliness; then there could be no harm done. However, should there be an aversion or ani-

mosity, the elimination of any problem could be effected by simply ignoring the situation. If a person was so ignorant and bigoted as to reject friendly advances because of something in a person's past which he neither knows or understands; then he's not the kind of person anyone'd want for a friend.

Tradesman, Grade 10, 37 years of age

Not especially prejudiced against honest folk, he'd work with anyone. Honest folk made reliable neighbours if they didn't know a person's background, but if the background is known, sometimes those who know, have had some experience, or have been in some way connected with the law are preferable.

Asked if he'd prefer ex-inmates as neighbours, he replied in the negative. Not that he disliked them or carried any prejudice, but because they would be reminders of something he would like to forget. The best neighbours he added, would probably be someone who was acquainted with the dishonesty and corruption of law enforcement agencies.

The trouble with honest folk, he declared, is that they are altogether too naive about such things. They don't see a man being "hounded" by the police who, like elephants, never forget. Honest folk can't conceive of a man being "framed". Neither can most honest folk believe that the police, their sworn protectors, sometimes, beat their suspects. Seldom is a suspect

accorded his rights under the law when arrested, but honest folk don't know of this, and don't care—until perhaps one of their children staggers home from the police station with a swollen head and bruised ribs “from falling down the steps”. Immigrants are closer to the truth than anyone; they call the police “Gestapo”.

In Canada, it is almost a precedent if a man is allowed to telephone a lawyer. What honest people do not understand is that the police, in apprehending most suspects and criminals, break the law and infringe on the individual's rights.

Asked if these measures were not sometimes necessary, he admitted they probably were. The job of the police is to garner evidence. As far as he's concerned it shouldn't really matter what methods they used to get it. What he's angry about is the fact that they won't admit to using brutality and, although accusation after accusation is made, no one will believe it. As things now stand, a police officer could stop a man on the street, bludgeon in his skull, steal his money, and then arrest the man for assaulting a police officer. Even though the man were completely innocent, the officer's word would be enough to convict him in a court of law.

The best neighbour would be the person who has had some such terrifying experience with the police, so that he might better understand the many possible plights of the ex-inmate.

Labourer, Grade 6, 19 years of age

A person leaves one of these places and just wants to forget all about it.

The main thing he should avoid is anything that might remind him of it. As neighbours or fellow workers, this inmate wants either people who don't know and aren't about to find out, or people who know and, like him, are eager to forget.

Clerk, Grade 11, 30 years of age

He admits that an ex-inmate might encounter some neighbour problems in a small town. However, he comes from the city and can't visualize having any neighbour problems.

He wouldn't reveal his criminal record under any circumstances, maintaining that it would only lead to more trouble.

Tradesman, Grade 9, 28 years of age

A person seeking a job with security might be just as well off to reveal his criminal record and hope it won't matter. If looking for an immediate job; then a person would probably be a lot better off not to reveal it. Tradesmen, he said, have little trouble finding employment whether they have a record or not. He'd reveal his record to his employer but no one else.

Most people don't understand and ex-inmate's problems, and a lot of people never try to understand them, but they don't have to know about them. When in contact with neighbours, or just people in general, he thinks it a pretty good policy to “Do onto others as you would have them do onto you.”

Labourer, Grade 8, 23 years of age

He thinks people are all the same. The ones on the outside just haven't been caught for some of the things they've done, or else they've done such small things that they weren't noticed. These are the people who won't give an inmate a chance. If there was such a thing as an honest man, he'd probably be the first to encourage an inmate's rehabilitation.

Labourer, Grade 11, 31 years of age

He is afraid of failure. "My intentions are the best," he says, "but it's pretty difficult to convince people of your intentions."

A person works here for next to nothing, so he should be able to work

outside and get paid for it. But the thing he's worried about is getting the work.

Labour, Grade 9, 27 years of age

If an ex-inmate intends to create a new life for himself, he must decide to be as honest as possible, both with himself and other people. You can't excuse a crime because it is just a little crime. Little crimes lead to bigger ones. His formula for a new life is complete honesty. Don't worry about employment, neighbours, etc; worry about yourself. No matter if you have a job or not, or whether you get along with your neighbours or not, as long as you are completely honest nothing can really hurt you.

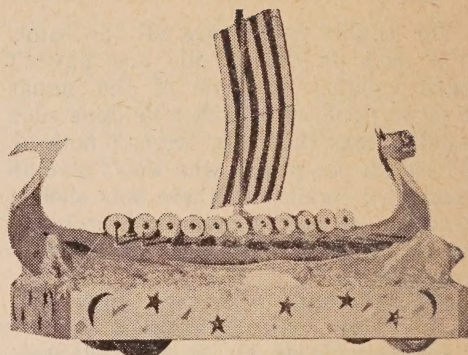
D I N N E R S

Inmates of this institution were permitted to eat their Christmas and New Year's dinners in the new auditorium. The auditorium was gaily decorated for the festive season, and the tables were adorned with table cloths made from bed-sheets.

In excess of two hundred inmates carried their trays into the auditorium; the remaining two hundred chose to eat in their cells.

Warden Fred Smith was on hand for this experiment. He toured the cell blocks and dormitories before proceeding to the auditorium.

INMATES REPAIR FLOATS



Viking Ship Built By Inmates

for KINGSTON PARADE

Mid-October may be hunting, hay-ing, or haunting season beyond the walls of this penitentiary. Or it may be no season at all. However, behind these walls it is a definite season, that is Floatbuilding Season. It has been Floatbuilding Season for the past three years.

In mid-October of this year, two delegates from the Kingston Junior Chamber of Commerce met with our Warden, Mr. Fred Smith. The delegates asked Mr. Smith if they might, as in the past, expect some assistance from the inmates and officers of Collin's Bay. They needed some floats repaired. They wanted Kingston to

have a successful Santa Claus Parade.

The problem confronting the J.C.'s: so much to do; so little time in which to do it. This is more easily understood when it is considered that these men hold down full-time, responsible positions in the nation's employment force.

A second problem encountered was the lack of working space and facilities, a third was a lack of personnel, the J.C.'s being sparsely populated.

No such problems arise at Collin's Bay. There is more than sufficient time, there is adequate working space and facilities, and there is certainly no noticeable decrease in the number of talented inmates.

In view of all this, Mr. Smith pledged his support, and assured the J.C.'s that the inmates would be more than glad to co-operate. Deputy Warden U. Belanger was summoned by Mr. Smith and, after introductions, the J.C.'s were informed that they could work out the details with the Deputy.

Mr. Belanger and the J.C.'s next consulted Mr. Hub Macey, Recreation and Welfare Officer. Out of this consultation an agreement was reached that a select group of inmates, under the supervision of Mr. Macey, would work on the floats in their spare time — after — work in the evenings. Mr. Macey allowed that the inmates could repair three floats from downtown and two belonging to the Collin's Bay Social and Athletic Club, parts of which were left over from last year's Parade. Mr. Macey further allowed that, time permitting, he and the inmates would build a third float under the auspices of the Social and Athletic Club.

Unfortunately time and circumstances did not permit. The first week all was well, almost according to plan. However, with the opening of the new auditorium, Mr. Macey was called away from the float project. The sore spot however, was that Mr. Macey, although not always available — through no fault of his own — was still considered the supervisor of the float-building project. Everything had to be channeled through his department and, in many cases, he was the only man who could obtain the necessary materials and make the necessary arrange-

ments. So there was no new float.

The repairs on the other five floats however, were made to everyone's satisfaction. Beginning with "Humpty Dumpty" on October 19th, the inmates rebraced, repapered, rebuilt, repainted, and redecorated their way through the five floats until they were not to be recognized as the same floats of last years.

When "Humpty Dumpty" was received at this institution it was little more than a battered globe perched on a rectangular casket. To begin the repairs, the globe and wall had to be thoroughly patched with paste and building paper, and later masking tape. The two items were painted cream and red respectively, both requiring several coats. This process completed, artist Tom Cavotti furnished the globe with an identity while Larry Fairbairn and Tom Saito fashioned four turrets and two flat-topped arches from two by two and greenboard. The turrets were fastened to each corner of the float's platform and the arches were fastened between the turrets at either end. Turrets, arches, and the wall were then thinly and evenly striped with white paint to represent brickwork. Beneath each of the arches, a large throne-like silver chair was fastened so that some natural beauty could be added to the inmate's creation. Finally a set of skirts were made to hang down from the wagon carrying the float and thereby give it a streamlined appearance. The skirts were brightly lettered by veteran sign-painter Doug Olmstead.

The next float to be repaired was "The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe". This float was comprised mainly of a large paper mache boot with doors on either side of it and a large stairway front and centre. The shoe had to be braced and rebraced. It had to be glued, papered, repaired, and taped. This done satisfactorily, it was given several coats of paint. A new roof and a zig-zag chimney were then added and a set of skirts made. Trimming was added to the float and the skirts were lettered in black and white shadowed gothic by Doug Olmstead.

"Mother Goose", a perennial favourite with the children, was the next float from downtown to undergo repairs at the hands of the inmates. The feathers of the goose, consisting of tightly rolled balls of white nylon, had to be torn from the body so that shiny new balls could be pasted on. All the old nylon removed, Tom Cavotti and Larry Fairbairn pasted on the fluffy new feathers. Doug Olmstead and Tom Saito made a new beak and a set of colourful high relieved skirts.

"Mother Goose" completed, the inmate floatbuilders concentrated their efforts on the Viking Ship, a very convincing replica of the sailing ships used by the ninth and tenth century Norsemen. This float was originally made last year at Collin's Bay.

The ship required several days of patching. The colour was changed from a dull brown to a shiny silver, and this took several coats of paint. The figurehead — the grotesque countenance of a dragon — was designed and painted by Tom Cavotti. Oars and shields had to

be made and waves, made of paper mache, had to be patched and painted. The entire ship then had to be braced and bolted to a farm wagon, and a set of skirts had to be made.

The result — a sparkling silver ship with the figurehead of a dragon coloured red, white, and black, fiery red oars, silver and black shields, a great red and white sail, and all this sitting precariously on majestic blue waves capped evenly with white. The skirts were black with a ridge of mauve mountains encircled by multicoloured stars and celestial phenomena. A job well done.

The last float to be repaired was "Little Miss Muffet", originally built by the inmates of this penitentiary two years ago. This float, comprised of a large book with a few lines from the fairy tale relieved upon its pages, a great black spider, and a huge tuffet, needed a complete overhaul, a new paint job, and new skirts. But all this was done, and more.

At this time it might be appropriate to mention that all work by inmates was done on a voluntary basis. The inmates received no material compensation for their work, even though it was all done in their free time, when the rest of the inmates were enjoying recreation privileges..

One form of compensation was received however. That was the satisfaction gained by the knowledge of a job well done, and by the knowledge that they had helped to make Christmas a little merrier for the children of Kingston, Which was all they initially asked.

MORTGAGE MANOR

E d i t o r,
The Diamond:

Dear Sir:

Perhaps you will be so kind, sir, as to allow me space in which to address myself to the musically talented residents of your palatial establishment, or joint.

Communications received from The Bay in November indicated that some publicity in The Globe and Mail, Canada's National (Advt.) Newspaper, on the pre-Christmas concert would not be taken amiss.

Gentlemen, please accept my regrets. You have, I fear, booted your chances of getting national coverage of your musical endeavours.

My first visit to your more or less ivied halls was brought about by the venture of a small (and somewhat harried) group of inmates into the realm of culchah. A choir, led by an inmate I am not going to name (The Diamond is gaining greater circulation all the time, and this guy is doing himself credit in everyday life) tackled some really difficult music.

The said choir got into a national competition. Though it didn't win, it brought a good deal of public attention to The Bay and its inmates—the better kind of attention.

When this choral director was thrown out for failing to pay his board, the choir gradually dissolved. Another chap took the job of trying to teach and lead the singers, but he didn't have the first man's belligerence and energy.

Now, as a joker who is trying to help you lads get yourselves sprung (because I hate paying taxes to maintain you in semi-idle luxury) I figure this was a big mistake.

Some of you boys are real pros with your instruments. Until I attended one of your variety concerts, I didn't know what could be done with a guitar.

But the sorry fact is that the types who have the say about whether you get out on parole or stay in on the dole prefer Brahms and Beethoven to Irving Berlin and his successors.

This choir you had was good! It seemed to me the original choirmaster was shooting 'way over the heads of his singers with some of the pieces he chose. Yet when they tore into that bit from Finlandia, for instance, they were terrific!

They had to take a lot of ribbing from the hard boys who thought good music was pansy. They finally broke down and gave up. While they were working together, though, they reached a damned sight farther beyond those grim gray walls than any inmates ever had before—legitimately, that is.

So, if you gentlemen can get together and organize a choir or orchestra, or both, that can deal out classical stuff, you'll get some attention from the big wheels. And when you put on a top-notch concert of that sort, I'll come down and cover it for you even if I have to pay the gas myself. And that, my friends, is going pretty doggone far, for me.

Yours sincerely,
Lex Schrag, Churl.

INMATES GIVE...

Xmas Variety Show

GET...

Extra Visits

A three-hour Christmas Variety Show, produced and directed entirely by inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, was held in the prison's new auditorium on Friday evening, December 14. In excess of five hundred invited guests attended. Many of these were families and friends of inmate entertainers. The balance was comprised of penitentiary officers and their families, and men and women directly concerned with the work of rehabilitating the criminal offender.

At eight o'clock, Deputy Warden U. Belanger made the official dedication. He lauded the inmates for the hours and work they had invested to make the show possible and presentable, and dedicated the show to the families and friends of the inmates.

The entertainment, all supplied by

inmates, included six soloists who voiced their respective versions of everything from musical-comedy to Rock'n Roll. Most polished and pleasing among the soloists were Larry Vantour, Lorne Brindley, and *Fred* Syms. Brindley, who had never before sang in public, was probably the most amazing of all. He was calm, unpretentious, and sang well.

There was a trio singing popular music, and a quintet singing a mixture of popular music and folk song. The trio, appropriately entitled the "Tri-Tones", produced some toe-tappin' rhythm and their lead singer, Mike Subanovitch, was much improved since the last time he appeared.

The show provided a slapstick circus act which, for a change from the usual sick and prolonged prison hum-

our, was concise and universally laugh-provoking.

Highlight of the show and, incidentally, only portion providing music alluding to Christmas was the twelve-man Chorale Group. Their contribution was a quiet almost solemn luxury in comparison with the rest of the show. They sang, in precise accord, two beautiful Christmas Classics—"Winter Wonderland" and "Silent Night".

The ten-piece band—piano, drums, bongos, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, bass, and two guitars—played their own arrangements with some manifestation of quality and provided adequate accompaniment for the vocalists.

Special mention is deserved by Freddy Wallace, trombonist in the band who, at the last moment, was called upon to be M.C. Joe Prokop was the obvious professional of the band. Although Joe gave only a short clarinet solo, he impressed upon the audience that he knew how to play it.

Most of the credit for the show's success however, belongs to jovial John Caven—the man behind the scenes. John remained backstage all evening feverishly writing out jokes for the M.C. Introducing much of his own always available humour, John kept away from stock jokes and, through Freddy Wallace, kept the audience laughing. Although all the performers were called out for several encores, John did not even get honourable men-

tion.

For the inmates involved the show was, next to release, the highlight of prison life, and the climax of two and a half months of rehearsals. Nearly everything in any way connected with the show was provided by inmates. The stage-lighting, spot-lighting, and wiring was done by inmate electricians. The scenery was built by inmate carpenters, and sketched and painted by an inmate artist. The entertainers' costumes were designed and made by inmate tailors. The band supplied their own instruments, purchased their own sheet-music, and made their own arrangements. Practices were all conducted by the inmates themselves. The show was built, in essence, upon the co-operation of the inmate society.

The entertainment *was* amateur, and no one pretended it wasn't. Most of the entertainers, in fact, learned their numbers by listening to recordings of established and professional entertainers, and only a few could read music. Despite their deficiencies, of which they were only too conscious, the entertainers did what was expected of them—they entertained.

There weren't any Lanza's, or Crosby's, or even Boone's. There weren't any Ames Brother's or Kingston Trio's. The M.C. wasn't Jack Parr, the band wasn't a Whiteman-conducted orchestra, and the Chorale Group could not compare with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. They were just inmates, doing

what they could in the best, and probably only, way they knew how.

They were too, a little more than just inmates. They were people. They were people using what meagre, yet meaningful talents they possessed to fulfill a basic human need—the need to communicate.

Accepting their own shortcomings and the derision and laughter of some of their fellow inmates, amid their own inner tensions and frustrations, and those arising out of confinement, these men faithfully attended rehearsals for two and a half months. They sacrificed most of their own time. They worked hard, taking the show and their music very seriously. This required something special. Whatever it's called, it was there.

And why did they do this? They did it, as one inmate said, "So that they too could give something to Christmas." And they did give something. They gave a performance that, although it held no claim to culture, art, or anything other than fair amateur entertainment, was direct from the heart. It was the only thing they possessed that they could give. They gave this with feeling.

"Ladies and gentlemen, The Queen." As the final cymbal clash hung over the gaily decorated auditorium, the guests crowded toward the exit. They were invited to investigate the bargains available in the hobbycraft showroom, and to collect, and if they pleas-

ed, purchase "The Diamond", an inmate magazine.

Guests of the entertainers were invited to remain behind for a light luncheon.

While the inmates and guests made themselves comfortable, men from the kitchen served sandwiches and coffee. Inmates proudly introduced their families to the Warden and Deputy Warden, and to fellow inmates and their families. Some inmates just guided their guests away from the crowd to sit at a quiet table and talk. The visit lasted for an hour.

Then it was over. The Deputy Warden announced that it was time for the guests to leave; time for the inmates to go to bed. It was five past midnight.

Choked wishes of "Merry Christmas" drifted across the everwidening space between inmates and visitors. Sad smiles were worn by both. The guests were reluctant to leave. The inmates were reluctant to see them leave. When the last guests was gone, the inmates were sent to their cells.

The sound of feet scuffling against pavement echoed in the night. The inmates, drugged with the memories of a moment past, dragged their tired flesh through the tunnel-like intestines of the prison back to their cells. An aura of excitement was still present.

Soon there was silence. The penitentiary at night is a very lonely place.

ARREST

AND

AFTER

What does a man feel when he is arrested? This question was forwarded by one of Collin's Bay's Classification Officers during a moment of free time which accidentally developed into an informal discussion period. At the time that the question was asked, none of the three persons present could offer a complete answer. Possibly they still could not. It is a provocative question, and it was a question that stuck in my mind and haunted me. Therefore, several days later, I began to probe into the thoughts of some local guests, eventually emerging with the following thoughts on the subject.

Said one man in answer to the above question, "Sorry." This, of course, could be meant several ways. It could be taken to mean that the man was sorry for himself because he would be sentenced to jail, that the man was sorry for heaping disgrace upon his family, or that the man, although he knew it to be wrong and yet did it, was sorry for having committed the crime.

Other inmates agreed that a man would experience a feeling of relief which might correspond with the latter part of the preceding sentence. The man, you must try and understand, because he knew his act to be wrong, because he was sorry for having committed it, and because he realized that he would be apprehended, must almost definitely experience a feeling of relief upon arrest and the accompanying knowledge that there would be no more running and hiding, no more worrying, and no more restless nights filled by obsessed dreams. Most inmates intimated that their arrest seemed to release much of the tension and fear that they had been burdened with from the time of their criminal act or acts.

Some inmates declared that they felt self-pity; others said that they felt a fear of losing someone or something that was very close to them; a wife, a girl friend, or a business. Some confessed that they experienced an abject futility. One man said that he just quieted himself and resigned himself, saying, "I must accept what comes now. Let's get it and get it over with." Some felt a pain; others felt a numbness. One man said that he became violently sick, and another man said that he felt important.

After the initial wave of feelings, almost all agreed that they stopped to think; to ask themselves why they had done it in the first place, and next to analyze why they had been caught. Few could say why.

All inmates seem to agree on one point, and that is that it is almost im-

possible to discern all the feelings that pass over a man when he is arrested, not only because of the swiftness of their flight, but because some of them are inexplicable and vague, and because what is important to one man may not be important to another, and because what one man might remember, another might forget.

The consensus is that the feelings of the arrested man are not elated feelings; rather they are deep and heavy feelings that seem to blanket the man in varying degrees, sometimes possessing the victim totally and sometimes passing over him swiftly in short wave-like spasms that are suddenly present and just as suddenly gone.

Perhaps the one word that will describe the man's feelings more than any other is *hollow*.

MOVIE BRIEFS

The Inmate Committee has informed us that the following movies have been confirmed:

COME SEPTEMBER, THE INNOCENTS, TOWN WITHOUT PITY, THE INTERNS, ESCAPE FROM ZAHARAN, MERRILL'S MAURAUDERS, ONLY TWO CAN PLAY, REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT, LOLITA, SUMMER AND SMOKE, SEARGENTS THREE, POCKETFULL OF MIRACLES, JUDGEMENT AT NUREMBURG, and ST. LOUIS BLUES. Many of these are the best that can be purchased.

In addition to these movies, the committee will try to make arrangements for at least one extra movie each weekend as they have in the past. However, it should be understood that extra movies cannot always be obtained; if there are any available, the committee will do everything possible to get them.

Family Service Day

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1962. To the world outside it was just another day. To the Penitentiary Service it meant progress, another step toward understanding and assisting the inmate. To some of the more fortunate inmates at this penitentiary it was five hours long to be remembered. It was *Family Service Day*.

Introduced into the Canadian Penal Circuit at Collin's Bay in September of 1962, *Family Service Day* is a privilege accorded inmates attending chapel services regularly. These inmates are encouraged to invite their families to share a day with them inside the walls of the penitentiary. The day includes chapel services, lunch, and an extended visit in a relaxed and relatively uncensored atmosphere.

One hundred and forty visitors attended. The first of these began to arrive before nine-thirty. The visitors were registered at the Main Gate by the Censor Clerk who directed them to the prison auditorium. The inmates were contacted and permitted to meet their visitors prior to the chapel services.

Shortly after ten o'clock, all expected visitors being assembled, the call to chapel was sounded. The inmates and their visitors, hand in hand and side by side, departed to the chapels of their choice.

The services were concluded by eleven o'clock. Inmates accompanied their visitors back to the auditorium where a light lunch of sandwiches, cake, and coffee awaited. Prior to partaking of

this, the Catholic Chaplain, Rev. Father Felix M. Devine, S.J., offered grace. Inmates were called upon to serve their own visitors.

In the afternoon, the Protestant Chaplain, Canon Minto Swan, B.D., M.A.B.D., D.D., asked inmates to distribute candy canes to the small children present. The candy canes were donated by the Rotary Club of Kingston.

W.C. Westlake, Assistant Deputy Warden in charge of Custody, informed the assembly that photographs were to be taken. He advised those who did not want such recognition to either stand off to one side or turn their backs to the camera. Said Mr. Westlake: "The public usually sees the penitentiary as a place of grey walls and bars. Although we do not deny that they exist, we would like the public to see more pleasant sides of the story."

The visits ended at two-forty-five.

Family Service Day, for the second time, was a great success.

But what do the "Keepers of the Keys" get out of it? They must be getting something or they wouldn't be going to all this trouble, keeping track of inmate chapel attendance, mailing invitations, and providing supervision for the visit.

They do get something. It's called *satisfaction*. Seeing the happy smiles on the faces of the inmates and their families tells them, better than a thousand words, that they are doing their jobs better than they've ever been done before.

FLOOR HOCKEY

by

K. Muzylu

Much of the boredom experienced during winters of the past has been alleviated by the opening of the new gymnasium and the consequent initiation of, among other things, the game of floor-hockey. It is an exciting game for both spectator, and player. Some say it is more a spectator sport. However, those players who manage to survive the hour-long contests declare that they also enjoy it.

Similar to ice-hockey, the game of floor-hockey is a colourful, quick-paced sport. There are six players to a team: three forwards, two defencemen, and a goalkeeper. The puck is a circular object with a sizeable hole in the centre. The sticks are ordinary ice-hockey sticks minus the blades. When the stick is placed within the inner circle of the puck, it can be guided with relative ease.

Floor-hockey asks only one essential requirement of its players—physical fitness. This is needed to endure the continual bodily contact. Considering that it is penitentiary play, tempers often flare. This increases the interest of the spectator who sits in the gallery with a greedy eye fixed on the activity.

One near-fatal accident occurred when a player had a stick smashed against his face, injuring his eye. Fortunately he is well mended now, and back in action. This mishap resulted in a more conscientious effort by the referees. They now enforce the rules with increased severity, thereby minimizing the possibility of this happening again.

The game of floor-hockey contains all the necessary ingredients to make it a highlight among the sports-minded of any given area. Over the past two months the local sports arena has been the scene of many gruelling battles to which the spectators have lent their enthusiastic support. Floor-hockey is indeed here to stay.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Terry Crockett, Kirk Sherwood, Andy Robillard
BACK ROW: Steve Benning, Roy Harper, Pete Bilby, Chuck McCarthy,
George Gouthro, Bill Pierce, Steve Madaris, Harry Masicotte.

RANGERS

Rangers are best characterized by their size and strength. Bulldozers like McDermott, Pierce, Benning and Harper make it a tough contest for their opposition. The Rangers' force could well be measured by their position in the league standing. They hold the top spot.

Ranger resistance to attack has contributed to much of their success. They have a strong and proficient defence. Benning and Harper are hard to dodge and seldom does anyone break their strategic arrangement. Both show a good variety of play and are accomplished puck carriers. The second line defence, maintained by big Red McDermott and Bruce Pierce, is equally effective. Pierce, who excelled in all sports, recently graduated, so now a man is needed to fill the gap. Perhaps Red-Dog will make a few suggestions and get his tutelary saint from the Diamond office to assist him.

The most effective forward line is Robillard, Gouthro, and Madaris. Robillard and Gouthro are both in the top scoring list. They are shifty and persistent type players. Madaris, similar to his rugged defence, often bulls his way through to score. Chuck McCarthy does a good job assisted by executive Bilby, and Fred Simms. Simms is destined for the goal spot but as yet coach Kirk Sherwood is looking for someone to make the change. Sherwood now wields the goal stick but says he can no longer parry the blows of the puck and watch his players at the same time.

Rangers, a good team, should have a good season.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Ron Druce, Larry Lonsberry, Doug Marsdin, George Gruber, Mike Hoditch.
BACK ROW: Billy Kerr, George Preston, John Kirch, Bill Alberts, Danny O'Donoghue, Jim Armour, Jim Downey.

CANADIANS

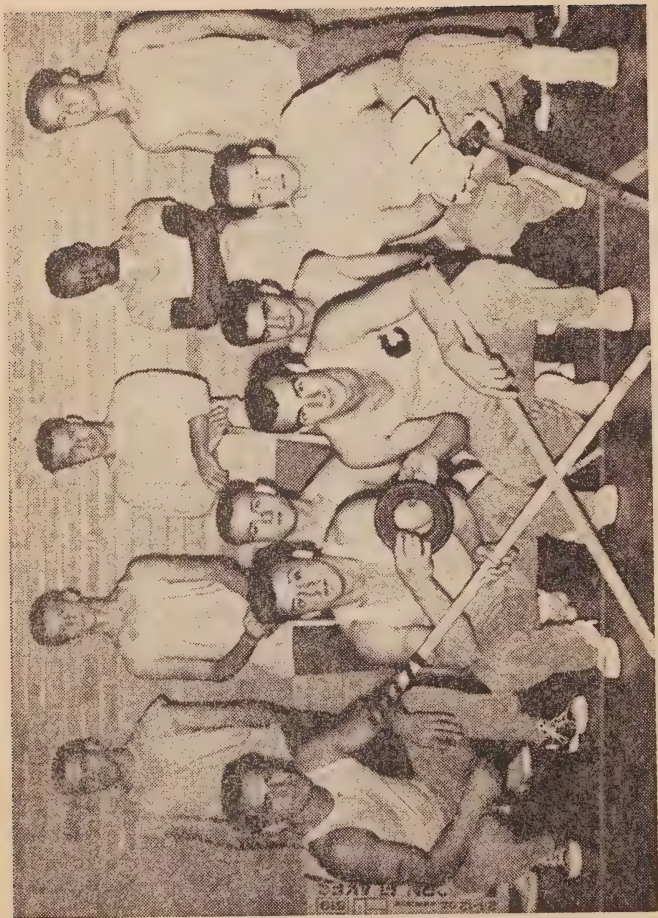
(Canadians show the type of play that is needed to make champions)

The Habs in there hour or rampage give the spectator a good night's entertainment. Their play is rough. In fact, it is downright dirty. Owing to the carnivorous instincts of George "mandibles" Preston, the Habs have managed to become the leagues most penalized team. In a total of eight games played Preston has spent fifty-nine minutes in the box. You might well assume the Canadians to be a five man team. (Perhaps in the play-offs George and others like him will choose some other outlet in which to vent their vile dispositions and effect themselves always at full strength.)

Canadians have a power line in Lounsberry, Alberts and Bannach. At times, the swift and erratic manner they display completely baffles their opposition. O'Donahue and Preston on defence support this same line to quite a degree. O'Donahue plays with much spirit and is the Habs best "digger". Holditch is another player that fits into this same calibre.

Downey, Druce and Gruber make a tough trio and have contributed to half the goals scored for Canadians. Backing this line is the lethal "H" bomb Marsdin. Madden dropped out to save his articulate hands. Armour, Davidson, Antler, Kerch and Crockett are unremitting in their efforts. Doug Pettet avails himself remarkably in the net and is considered one of the best.

The Habs full of enthusiasm and determination, are shaping up as a threat in the league.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Harvey Babin, Ron Booth.
MIDDLE ROW: Ron Cooper, Mike Hodgeson, Don Goddard, Doug Pettet.
BACK ROW: Jim Johnson, Tom Huckabone, Bob McLean, Mel Butler, John McBain.

B L A C K H A W K S

The Blackhawks, according to percentages, are best so far. All the other teams have played from nine to eleven games apiece, compared to eight games played by Hawks. In spite of this the Hawks have established themselves in second place. In all probability when the Blackhawks equal the amount of games played by their opposition they will have secured top position in the league.

Much of the credit is awarded the Booth, Goddard, Hodgeson, line. Ron Booth plays exceptional at centre, shoots frequently and accurately, and, as a result, he has scored fourteen goals. Don Goddard, a good right winger, employs his versatility generously, offering both spectator and teammate a supreme performance. This is large of Don. Mike Hodgeson plays well. He has helped with his five goals to make it the most productive line on the team.

We must not hesitate to mention the defence behind this trio. McLean and Babin contribute an all-out effort to support these forwards. McLean's aggressiveness has many times held the opposition in check long enough to have his teammates break up the play. The horsepower and liveliness of Babin give the Hawks a big edge.

The Hawk second line is a favourite of the fans. Cooper, who has scored eighteen goals ascribes his success to Moore and Duchene. The rushing force of Nelson greatly augments the play of this line.

Big Bully Kratchen *manifests* his dirty play with the utmost tact. McBain, Butler and Kerr, are notable assets to the Hawks. Jimmy Johnson "Lidless eyes", perfects the play in the Hawk net. Jimmy's *assiduous* play gives him the best goal average in the league.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Billy Thompson, John Clarke, Duke Gibson, Eddy Enns.

MIDDLE ROW: Carl MacDougall, John Dodge, Buddy Francis, Jerry Walsh, Brice Reilly.

BACK ROW: Bill Hanrahan, Al Phillips, Chuck Biebuyck, Bob Huff, Ray Jakobsen.

LEAFS

The Leafs, although they hold the two top positions in the scoring race, have failed to reach any notable place in the league standings. The team is under the direction of Charlie Biebuyek who, for the moment, seems to be in *recluse* devising some new method of play that will be successful.

The loss of Robert Huff does not improve Leafs' situation. Who will Charlie seek to occupy this vacancy? Ferocious Ted Hucker who is presently on the inactive list? Perhaps "Hoss" Russell, Maloy, Enns, or Thompson? Whoever it is our boy Buddy Francis will need his support. Right now Buddy is doing a remarkable job on the Leaf defence. Carl MacDougall may be a good candidate.

The big guns for the team are John Clarke, Jake Jakobson, and John McKay. This line always gives the fans a real performance. Their speed, skill, and ease, delude and perplex the best of opposition. With this material it is hard to think of them in last place. Clarke cannot be reproached for any of his play, he stands first in the league scoring and is about the best centre. Jake "the snake" Jakobson is by far one of the league's most valuable players. Jake reigns in second place on the scoring list, and poses as a constant menace to any team. We hope now that McKay has taken up residence with the rest of the population he will avail himself.

A second line like Walsh, Nash and Reilly make the Leafs position in the league seem even more amazing. Walsh is quite shifty and, aided by his two wingmen, has managed a fourth spot in the top scoring. This line is backed by two very capable defencemen, Hanrahan and Naugler.

"Dapper Dan" Duke Gibson loses all composure when minding the net, but does an excellent job.



H U M O U R



A university professor was entertaining a friend. Waiting for the main course at dinner, the friend asked his host, "Will you pass the nuts professor?"

The professor replied. "Oh, I suppose so, but they should be flunked."

"D'ya read *Tropic of Cancer* yet?" asked an inmate.

"Yup," replied another, "just finished it."

"Like it?"

"Thought it stunk."

"Me too. Only reason we read these things is because they don't want us to."

"Mama, may I go out in the backyard and play with Rover again today?"

"No, son, you've dug him up twice already."

A grizzled wino, after years of bottle boosting on skid row, was finally rounded up by the municipal police during a crackdown on drunkards.

Arriving at the jail, the doctor, upon examining him, found that he had hydro-psy.

"What's that?" asked the wino.

"To much water in the body," the doctor explained.

"But I've never taken a drop of water in my life," the old man snorted indignantly. After a moment's reflection, he added, "Must have been the ice cubes."

"Look fella," said the hotel clerk impatiently, "I've told you a dozen times we don't have any rooms. We're all filled up."

"If President Kennedy came in," persisted the man, "you'd find a room for him, wouldn't you?"

"Well, of course," admitted the clerk.

"Then let me have that room, he's not coming."

A backwoods cracker, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of his cabin fireplace one day, when his wife addressed him.

"Yew bettah move yoah foot a mite, Paw," she said, "youah standin' on a live coal."

"Which foot, Mah?"

Joe, looking at Niagara Falls: "Got anything like that in Texas?"

Tex: "We got a plumber who could fix that leak in ten minutes."

NICKNAMES

WHAT'S

IN

THEM?

by

Nick

Prison society probably has more nicknames per capita than anywhere else, although no conclusive proof of this can be offered. Almost every inmate is in possession of at least one nickname. The more prominent often get tagged with three or four.

Nicknames usually refer to some accomplishment or lack of accomplishment that the inmate advertises. After several years, the accomplishment might be forgotten, but the name lingers on. Or a nickname might refer to some character peculiarities. During the past month, the Diamond staff has done some research on the local personalities burdened with nicknames and usually deserving of a lot of other names worse than Nick.

"Riddlehead" Richardson, for example, has no holes in his head but the intended ones. However, several of his acquaintances have informed us that the name does not refer to the encasement, but rather the matter that is supposed to be contained within the encasement. Hence, "Riddlehead" has a brain like a sieve.

Carlisle "Baby Huey" McDougall is an odd duck. Need more be said?

Buddy "the Arab" Francis is so called because he was the only inmate in the history of Collin's Bay Penitentiary ever to be issued with a red and white striped blanket and a sandbox to make him feel at home.

Lawrence "the Lump" Fairbairn is the victim of sick wit. He was an associate of "Nutty Doug" who was in the habit of attaching the most nonsensical nicknames to his friends — and making sure they stuck. Still don't know what "Lump" refers to.

"Texas Red" Johnson still wants to meet the Ranger with the big iron on his hip. Says they got the wrong guy last time.

Jack "Bundles" Sharpe garnered this name by toting weighty loads across the complex face of the institution. He is now reformed however.

Norm "Boat Race" Powers. Just a hint to newcomers: don't bet on any inside ball games with "Boat Race."

Alex "the Hog" O'Neill looks exactly like his namesake according to "Lump".

George "the Jaw" Preston—will he be hot?—garnered his title by leading with his chin.

Jack "the Governor" Young reminds us of Casper the friendly ghost. He really doesn't strike us as the Governor type, especially when plucking chips from McDermott's tray.

Joe "Live Better Electrically" McKeown prefers a jolt to the juice.

Don "Curly" Stovell is bald naturally.

Steve "Ponchinello" Benning? How about that one!

George "Gentleman" Marshall lives up to his nickname.

"Ditto" Delmar, it was explained to

us, is so called because of his avid association with Tom "the Bomb" Blake.

Chuck "the Silhouette" McCarthy perhaps is so called because he's not what he seems to be.

"Buster" Lowe swears that he hasn't hit her in years.

"Ben Casey" Sherwood's always ready with a stretcher.

Red "Bunsy" McDermott, also known as "Radio Red", "Graceful on the mound", and "Oc" should lay off the potatoes.

John "Specs" McBain is so called not only because he wears specs, but because there's always specs on his specs.

Benjamin "Bunyok" Bannack: this one requires translation.

Ted "Elephant Ears" Hucker is possessed of a pair of hearing aids that would put any elephant to shame.

Bob "the Bird" Gough received his nickname from trying to fly the coop.

There's a host of other nicknames floating around somewhere including "rear view" Turchynsky, "Rolly Beau-regarde, Perc "the Tiger" Smith, Gord "Glamorous" Tait, Doug "the Ape Man" Marsdin, Don "Seldom Seen" Hearst, "Big Bad Mort", Ron "the Rifleman" McCann, Orv "the run" Westfall, Ken "the Cook" Dufty, "Jitterbug" Jerry Marsh, Jimmy "Legs" Armour, Bruce "Fireball" Pierce, Bruce "the Spruce" Nash, George "Senator" Dietsch, Leo "the Lion" Babin, John "Cookies" McKay, and Harry Cackle-o-vitch, but that's all for now.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Sir:

The Diamond is a very enjoyable magazine. It is interesting and surprisingly well written, so much so, in fact, that I have given it very high recommendations everywhere I go. The Christmas article about the sun was especially interesting, but so were most of the other things.

I will be eagerly looking forward to the next issue,

Truly,

Moira Cain

Dear Editor:

Your Christmas Issue was a delight. But then all your efforts are grade A I suggest more editorial comment. And, for heaven's sake tell us who's writing what! My husband says your covers are the funniest things he's seen in a long time. We both send regards.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Gerald Sloenway

Dear Editor:

You rudely neglected to tell us in

your Christmas Issue what the inmates do at Christmas. Your book contained several pieces pertaining to Christmas. but not this one. Someone should take you over their knee and apply the paddle.

Sincerely,

Dave Watson

Editor's Note: *The main reason I didn't tell you what the inmates do at Christmas was because at the time the magazine was prepared, I didn't know what they would be doing, although I probably could have made a few good guesses. The Christmas Issue, to be printed on time, had to be written in full by November 1. At that time there were no Christmas Party plans. However, for your information, the inmates did the same at Christmas as they do the rest of the year. They ate a little more from privately purchased Christmas parcels and, as usual, followed the rules and regulations of the institution. Holidays are headaches around here because there's so little to do!*

Sirs:

May your Christmas be merry, and may you continue to produce the same spirited magazine throughout the new year.

C. Lloyd

Editor's Note: *Thank you for the greetings and the compliment. However, I for one, hope that I am not here throughout the entire new year.*

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you and your staff on your fine publication. I look forward to receiving it each month and enjoy its many interesting articles.

Enclosed is a cheque for \$5.00 to cover renewal, the balance to be used as you see fit.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours very truly,
Mr. P.D. Dalton

Editor's Note: *Thank you 1) for taking an interest in The Diamond; 2) for the donation; and 3) for the best wishes. The balance will be used for photo-engraving or linoleum.*

Dear Editor:

Your Christmas Issue was excellent;

I sold several subscriptions for you at a Christmas party. Enclosed is seven dollars. Just mail the magazines to me.

If I can keep it up will I be entitled to a commission?

Yours truly,
Ed Malaney.

Editor's Note: *We might be able to afford a small commission. The only drawback is that we'd have to pay you in canteen funds, and you'd have to take up residents here to collect it.*

Seriously though, we appreciate your interest and your efforts on behalf of The Diamond.

Dear Sir:

Sorry I missed hitting you at Christmas — with a card, that is. Perhaps this cheque will compensate this oversight. I do want to wish you all the best for the New Year. You have been doing a fine job and I hope you won't ever get discouraged.

Sincerely,
George R. Ross

Editor's Note: *Thank you for your support and best wishes. These more than compensate the loss of the Christmas card. We'll try not to get discouraged, and hope you'll never be discouraged with us!*

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of **The Diamond** to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide a medium for creative expression for the inmate population of the prison.

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